

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1918

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE by W. C. Abbott. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50 per set.

A new history of civilization based on the connection of the social, economic and intellectual development of European peoples with their political affairs, the past always related to the present, and particular attention being given to the advance in human comfort, and to the increase in human capacity attending the extension of knowledge, science and invention. The period covered is from 1415 to 1789. Maps, charts and illustrations. The author is professor of history at Yale.

SANTO DOMINGO by Otto Schoenrich. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$3.

A concise statement of the present and future of San Domingo as seen by a United States government attaché who worked there for some time investigating the financial condition of the country. The history, area, topography, climate, minerals, vegetation, people, religion, schools, commerce, transportation, government, politics are discussed. Illustrations and map. Boxed.

THE MAN FROM BAR-20 by Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, \$1.40.

A story of the cow-country. Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover.

RHYTHMS by Charles Reznikoff. Published by the author at 1752 Union street, Brooklyn. Poems.

THE WAR AND THE COMING OF PEACE by Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.

A companion volume to "The War and the Bagdad Railway," which, considering the deeper aspects of the conflict, shows how both war and peace must be looked at from the angle of the moral issue, aims to arouse thought and provide a basis on which enduring peace may be erected.

FOE-FARRELL by "Q" (Quiller-Couch). New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

A psychological study of the transformation of character, showing how hate reacted upon two natures, undermining the character of the one who yielded and building up the one who resisted. Illustrated.

LOUISIANA by Maud May Parker. New Orleans: D. H. Holmes Co., \$1.25.

A pageant in verse of the history of Louisiana from the time of the Indians, the early explorers, the French cession, to the present prosperous era. Proceeds for soldiers and sailors.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SEMI-CENTENNIAL HISTORY by Burt E. Powell. Published by the University at Urbana, Ill.

Volume one of a history to be published periodically, covering the years from 1840 to 1870 treating of the movement for industrial education and the establishment of the university. Prepared by the university historian from correspondence, mss. and newspaper clippings, with an introduction by Edmund J. James, fourth president of the university. Illustrated and indexed.

WAKE UP AMERICA by Mark Sullivan. New York: Macmillan & Co., 60c.

The man, coal, wheat, munitions problems of the war reduced to terms of ships in a manner to make any fighting American stop talking and begin thinking and doing.

♦♦♦

Tableaux

The wife of a congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nursemaid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learn the situation. She then went to the pretty nurse and by a little finesse disarmed her of thinking she was displeased. "Minna," she said, "which of the boys do you like to go out with best, Tom or Harry?" "Well," said the maid, "I think I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best."

Religions Past and Present

Most of us were brought up with a very definite idea of the difference between Christian and heathen. Between our own religion and every other a great gulf was fixed, the gulf between truth and falsehood, between darkness and light. Church, Sunday-school and the missionary collection conspired to keep our consciousness of this gulf alive and keen. Of late we have begun to hear less about the heathen. The conviction that religious truth and good have come to earth solely through Palestinian channels is no longer so positively held by all Christians. There has grown up a magnificent science called Comparative Religion (or some similar name) and the realization that ethnic faiths like Buddhism and Mohammedanism are real religions, capable of being compared not only with each other but with Christianity itself, has meant a wholly new outlook.

There was indeed in the last century, when some knowledge of these religions and their scriptures first began to reach the average reader in our Western world, a period of artless and uncritical idealization, when what was non-Christian and unfamiliar was for that very reason given a value and status often quite unrelated to its actual content. Translations were too often transmutations, with little or no critical sense of the original setting and background. Poems, essays and sermons sprouted highly mystical and ethical quotations from "eastern Scriptures" that Confucius, Buddha or Zoroaster would not have known for their own.

But this sentimental period has passed, and the comparative science of religions has come into its own, developing a method as rigidly scientific and critical as any of the other historical sciences. Universities and the more progressive Christian divinity schools have chairs devoted to this science. The University of Pennsylvania has a notable department of the history of religions, including such internationally eminent scholars as Morris Jastrow and James A. Montgomery. Eleven members of this department united last winter to give a course of public lectures on "Religions of the Past and Present," fourteen in all, presenting the most important faiths in human history, from the religion of primitive man down to mediaeval Christianity. The treatment of each religion was assigned to a man who was a specialist in its study, and Dr. Montgomery, who gives the fine exposition of the Hebrew religion, has edited the whole. (Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Outstanding are the lectures of Dr. Jastrow on the religion of Babylonia and Assyria and on Mohammedanism, which alone would give marked distinction to the volume. But the others are not unworthy to accompany these, and the collection is admirably balanced. There are two lectures on Christianity, one on early Christianity by Professor Newbold, which in some ways is less satisfactory than the others, and one on mediaeval Christianity by Professor Arthur Howland. These come at

the end of the volume and do not in any way look down with the ancient scorn upon their ethnic rivals. Rather here is perfect fellowship, and impartial scientific exposition throughout. The English reader who wishes to know the salient elements of the religions which have swayed the great nations of history, will find this volume most serviceable, most reliable, most interesting.

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Bird Life

The attempt to interpret the life of birds in the terms of human life has resulted in a very delightful book: "The Human Side of Birds" by Royal Dixon (Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York). This book is an open door through which the reader enters into a world so different from his and yet so much alike—into the realm of birds. The intimate knowledge of the peculiar characteristics and the strong individualities of birds enables the author to present them to the reader in their various occupations. There is the architect, the electrician who lights his nest with fireflies, the road builder, the undertaker, the hunter, the fisher. The council of blackbirds, the court trials of the flamingo show well the social side of birds. The reader also gets acquainted with the Isidora Duncans and the water fairies of the bird world. Many other interesting phases of bird life resembling the human are brought forth. The treatment is rather poetical which is betrayed by a brilliant and colorful style. But just this slight touch of a playful imagination gives the book life and makes it interesting reading—for adults and children alike. The book is a laudable and successful plea for the preservation of bird life. Would that we all had such sympathetic understanding of birds, our fellow-mortals.

♦♦♦

Inexpert

The accused had been struggling hard for some time at the old and forbidding task of being his own attorney. He was making a poor job of it. "You are lying so clumsily," said the judge finally, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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At the Aisne

By William Marion Reedy

"THE Germans have crossed the Aisne" says a Tuesday afternoon newspaper headline. How many have crossed and over how long a line the cablegram does not say. But crossing a river against a foe awaiting the assault is a thing that shows the German momentum is not on the wane.

The answer to the cablegram is in the President's address calling for more taxation to help pay for the bloody work of keeping the Germans from crossing the Atlantic—more taxation and another huge bond issue in October.

The taxes should come, the President says, from incomes, from excess profits and from luxuries. The people must stand the strain. It is right that those who make money out of the war should be heavily mulcted by the government. Distinction should be made between incomes earned and unearned, but probably will not be made. Taxes on luxuries are all right, if they do not degenerate into consumption taxes.

The President says nothing of the taxation of land values. They are not earned by those who get them. In land much money may be sunk and hidden from the assessors. Idle land may have a lot of value but yield no income; the increment of value escapes. Land values are free, industry is taxed. The country's land values, created by everybody, held by a few who give no service for them, would yield billions if properly taxed. They yield nothing.

However, the Germans have crossed the Aisne and there's no time for much discussion of correct economics. The Germans must be stopped.

Everybody is going to know that he is helping to stop them. How much soever the big income men, the big war profiteers, the luxury users may pay, the little fellow will continue to pay, not alone in taxes but in high prices.

The raise in railroad passenger rates will work havoc with the hotels through reduction of travel. No matter, the government wants to discourage passenger traffic to clear the tracks for freight. Increased freight rates will increase prices of everything transported. The masses of the people will have to deny themselves many things. They will have to save in order to pay taxes and buy bonds. They will have to work for the country as much as for themselves. If their country loses the war what they may have will be of little worth. Every American must be a fighter on the bread line, now that the Germans have crossed the Aisne.

Our ships are coming along rapidly, our fighters are going abroad about 200,000 a month, supplies are moving in a vast steady volume—the carrying on of the war is just reaching its acme of speed and sureness. And if ten million more men are needed in arms they will be forthcoming. This country will win the war whether our associates can hold out until we can strike with our full force or not. They will probably hold the line, and then the Germans will be driven back beyond the Aisne—yes, and the Rhine.

The task is not going to be easy. All of us will feel the strain and a little of the pain of the doing of it. The congress is asked by the President fairly to distribute the tax strain by "drawing chiefly from the sources which would be likely to demoralize credit by their abundance."

We will have to pay the price, a bitter one, but it

is well to remember that we pay it for the sweetest thing there is—liberty for ourselves and all the world.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

For Work After the War

ONCE again the MIRROR would suggest that it is time for the government to prepare to use the enthusiasm and intelligence and energy of the various organizations engaged in adjunctive war tasks for the necessary work of social and industrial reconstruction after the war. The Liberty bond salesmen, the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers, the membership of many different societies and leagues are in practice at concentrated, co-operative effort. This tremendous man and woman power should not be permitted to die down. It can be applied to the end of making democracy more effective for betterment after the world has been made safe for democracy. There is the nucleus in the present situation of a vast utilization of the war spirit transformed into civic spirit by a sort of association of guilds for social and economic improvement. The country was never so organized, down to its smallest hamlets. The people were never so brought together in realization of the number of interests they have in common. All the organizations more directly governmental should be shaped for post-bellum use in connection with the civilian bodies for making this a better country to live in after the war. The army men will come back and help too. Here is the opportunity to make this a more real democracy, to prevent our falling back into a neglect of the idea of service as associated with citizenship. Everybody is in the habit of doing his bit for the country in some way. It is a habit we should foster by providing for its continuous exercise. It would make us feel more and more as parts of the country. We would not go back to leaving things to the politicians and those who seek to control affairs for their private profit. Thus would we keep patriotism as vital in peace as in war. Provision should be made for the utilization of war-organized America to realize in particulars the ideals which have existed heretofore as vague if pious aspirations and generalizations.

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We Must Save Coal

WE must save coal—hooverize it hard. Twelve hundred railroad men and coal operators assembled in Chicago last week have said so. Frank Putnam is the press agent of the crisis, drafted by the United States Fuel and Railroad Administration. He fires the facts at us. During 1918, 200,000,000 more tons of coal than were mined in 1917 will be needed to keep business going, supply homes and meet war requirements. It will be impossible for the railroads to haul this 200,000,000 extra tons, or even one-half of it. War requirements will be first satisfied. With what coal remains, industrial and domestic requirements must be satisfied. War industries come first, but non-war industries must be kept going also, as far as possible. Every ton of coal saved means keeping fifty to 100 persons employed in the non-war industries. Everybody, therefore, must save coal. Railroads first; they are the greatest coal-wasters. The government will train them in coal saving. It will also train the firemen in the other industries. Domestic users will have to conserve their supply on a basis of bare comfort. For example, the multi-millionaire president of one

of the country's largest coal companies has been notified that next winter he must close thirty-two rooms of his Philadelphia mansion, using only enough coal to heat the few rooms he and his family actually need. Records of coal sales are to be kept so that A's over-supply can be drawn on to help B. Railroad cars will be loaded heavier. Operators and miners are to be compelled to produce cleaner coal—meaning more heat, better train speed. There's plenty of coal in the mines. The lack is in cars to haul it. Therefore everybody must save what's above ground. The United Mine Workers—half a million of them—will work week days, over time, Sundays and holidays to get out the coal. But when they get it out we must not waste it—we meaning everybody. We are to be coal-shy two hundred million tons! It's a case of go light on what we have, or shut down factories and mills and public service plants will be the rule, and many of us will have to go to bed to keep warm at home next winter.

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The Head of Industrial Strategy

THAT *The New Republic* is running the war and the administration is an impression prevalent in the periodical and journalistic world, not without *post hoc* support in the minds of those who follow that excellent publication and the no less excellent and somewhat intellectualist administration. This impression will be confirmed by the announcement of the appointment of Mr. Felix Frankfurter as Assistant Labor Administrator, "to put the President's policy of unified industrial strategy into effect." Mr. Frankfurter has done much writing for *The New Republic*—mighty good writing, too. That paper tells us now who he is and what he has done. "In the first week of the war he was called to Washington to act as Secretary Baker's industrial counsellor; he was secretary to the President's Mediation Commission, of which Secretary Wilson was chairman, during its momentous journey which resulted in the termination of strikes in the Arizona copper mines, the California oil fields, the telephone system of the Pacific coast, the stock yards of Chicago and elsewhere. Missions upon which our government sent him to Europe, enabled him to take counsel with government officials, manufacturers and labor leaders concerning the methods by which they have dealt with the industrial problems of England and France. He has been in constant and intimate relation with Sir Stevenson Kent, head of the labor department of the British Ministry of Munitions. Before the war he had years of experience in handling complicated industrial litigations for the federal government. During the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, he prosecuted the railroad rebate cases, the Morse-Heinze bank case, the sugar fraud and cotton pool cases. At different times he appeared for the state of Oregon before the United States supreme court and sustained the constitutionality of the Oregon ten-hour law for men and the minimum wage law for women. He is now on leave from the Harvard Law School, where as professor of administrative law he was chiefly interested in introducing the method and principles of law into the tangled fields of business and industry." From this record, Mr. Frankfurter is evidently the man for the job. We need unification industrially as badly as the allies needed it militarily for three years. Mr. Frankfurter has already organized his board. "By agreement, the existing War Labor Board of which Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh are alternating chairmen, will become a court of final appeal for the definitive adjudication of industrial disputes, and Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh as representatives of the public will enter the new War Labor Board of which Mr. Frankfurter is chairman; as directing heads of the various industrial services of their departments and boards, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt will represent the navy, Mr. Stanley King the War Department, Mr. Leon C. Marshall the Fleet Corporation, Mr. Hugh Frayne the War Industries Board. The representatives of the Department of Agriculture, of the Food, Fuel and Railroad Administrations have not yet been announced; but it

is understood that every governmental division concerned in the strategic allocation of raw materials, in the drafting of contracts, in the mobilization and supervision of labor, in the production and expedition of munitions to the fighting front, will participate in the quick definition of an inclusive policy and its effective execution. The board will be the responsible war council of industry." We shall have more and better team-work under a captain of proven capacity and with a strictly scientific view of both means and ends. The business of war will be carried on in a businesslike manner, like the work of a great industrial corporation.

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Watch Mexico

MEXICO has broken off diplomatic relations with Cuba. Cuba is at war with Germany. Mexico is a nest of German intrigue. Diplomats say the rupture means nothing important. All the same it's just as well to watch Mexico. Dr. Zimmerman expected large things of Mexico—an attempt to recover her lost provinces. Mexico is still closely knit to Spain, that remains muchly pro-German. Carranza might, if occasion offered, create a diversion on our southern border. Of course, Texas by herself could take care of that handily, but the thing would be embarrassing to some extent at the very least. There is strong suspicion that Mexico is trying to get up some sort of Latin-American league against us. Argentina is none too friendly to us. The rupture between Mexico and Cuba is said to have been due to a Cuban search of the baggage of an Argentine agent. Mexico will bear watching, remembering Dr. Zimmerman's famous note.

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Fattening the East

MUNITION and general supply work is choked in the east. The government is opening up the waterways to relieve the congestion of goods and labor there. The western waterways are idle. They can be used for cheap transportation. There is abundant material for war manufactures, abundant room, abundant labor in the middle west. The west is the place to provide relief for eastern congestion. Here is where the government should set up its factories and foundries that can be transportationally served by our rivers. The government is interested in making the taken over railroads profitable, of course, but it should be more interested in production of war goods and the more rapid and cheaper movement of them. If the government listens to the railroad interest, that is hostile to waterway transportation, it will be guilty of a costly blunder. The administration should cease to fatten the east. The west is in and for the war, too. The west doesn't want to make money out of the war, but it does want to demonstrate its industrial power and efficiency.

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The Leonard Wood Mystery

LAST week it was announced that General Leonard Wood would go to France at the head of an army division. Now we are told he is to be sent to a department on the Pacific coast. What is the matter with General Wood? Is he a Maurice or a Dreyfus? Is he a mere thorn in the side of the administration, or is he the victim of men in power because he criticised our lack of preparedness? Is his loyalty to his country questioned because of his loyalty to Colonel Roosevelt? What is the General Leonard Wood mystery?

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What are the Facts?

THOSE Irish radicals who are playing Germany's game forfeit all claim upon American sympathy. They set a lesser over the larger good. They do not even serve Ireland. They seek independence and they hamstring home rule. They have no constructive policy. They are mere tools of a power that has no use for the liberty of the smaller peoples. The United States is against the Sinn Feiners as allies of our enemy. But, so much said, the United States would like to have more and better

evidence that the arrested Irish were in actual league with Germany for a rising this year. They may have had German aid—and mighty poor aid it was—almost a contemptuous joke—in 1916; but the proof that they had it this year is nil, thus far. That they opposed conscription by an England that hung up home rule, is one thing. A complot with Germany is something else. The people of this country are against the Irish who would hamper and harm our associate, Great Britain, and therefore ourselves, in the war, but they would like to know the facts back of the recent wholesale arrests and deportations in Ireland.

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Wet or Dry

It looks as if the senatorial contest in Missouri is likely to turn on the issue of wet or dry. This is as it should not be. There's likely to be entirely too much exaltation of the *Verboten* idea, and this at a time when everybody should be against Prussianism. One wonders if liberals are going to have a chance to vote for anyone whose idea of a garden is not a Sahara or Ezekiel's valley of dry bones. Comfort me with apples, stay me with flagons!

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This Yankee Burg

ABOUT time that the people of the eastern section of this country dismiss from their minds the idea that St. Louis is a city dominated by pro-German sentiment. This burg has come clean away over the top on every demand the country has made for men or money to win the war—soldiers, sailors, Liberty bonds, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and is even doing its share of foolishness in changing the German names of streets and avenues, though no one has suggested that any of our volunteers or conscripts with German names shall change them. There's no more American city than St. Louis.

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How They Do It in N' Dakota

WOULD you look at this? And see where it's from—Bismarck, North Dakota! Following the formal adoption of a resolution conferring upon any North Dakota farmer authority to go upon, break up and sow in crop any idle land in his vicinity held by a non-resident, the North Dakota council of defense, on Monday, May 20, adopted a specific order directing E. J. Platen of Dunn Center to take possession of a section of land near that place owned by a non-resident, and to plant the same to flax, with the understanding that he shall have possession of the same section next year, when the land will be planted to wheat. This is the most radical action taken to date in North Dakota to assure the government a maximum production from Flickertail farms. The defense council resolution provides that in the case of new breaking the owner shall receive ten per cent of the net proceeds as his share of the crop, while from land which already has been broken, he shall receive 25 per cent. The only recourse the owner of idle lands has is to cultivate them himself. If he shows no inclination to put them into crop, the North Dakota council of defense will order the lands taken over by someone who can and will cultivate them. The investigation of a report that lands held by aliens in Kidder county are not being cropped, in a spirit antagonistic to America's participation in the world war, has been delegated by the council of defense to R. J. J. Montgomery of Tappen. Furthermore, A. D. Gaines, one of the heaviest landholders west of the river, appeared before the council of defense to tell why but 1,000 acres of a 30,000-acre tract which he owns near Sanger are under cultivation. Mr. Gaines was brought in by a specially deputized agent of the council of defense. The Sanger landholder stated that much of his property was under lease and contended he could not be held responsible for the failure of lessees to show a patriotic spirit. The council was not entirely satisfied with the progress made with the investigation and it will have Mr. Gaines appear before it again. This information I extract from the Wells county *Free Press*, of which Mr. C. M. Brinton is editor. The North Dakotans know

that the proper productive use of the land will be a strong factor in winning the war. Mr. Brinton can tell them that there's an easier way of bringing about such productive use of the land than by jumping holdings or dragging owners or tenants before tribunals. That way is to tax all land values so that the land will have to be used, so there will be no money in leaving the land idle. Brains are better than force, in this case.

SOMEONE has well said that just now Charlie Schwab is more popular than Charlie Chaplin.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE's defense to the charge of disloyalty is not an heroic one. He said what he said, but within the law. Too legal this, for a hero.

A MINORITY report of the committee on ways and means of the Mississippi legislature sets forth the argument for a bill to establish the single tax in that state. The minority report is for the majority of Mississippians and mankind; the majority report is for the minority of Mississippians and mankind, who won't get off the majority's backs. Here's a paragraph from the document. "The man who understands the single tax, its purposes and effects, and then opposes it, believes in, upholds and defends human slavery as much as any slave-owner of the Old South ever did. He believes in it with a more intense cruelty because he believes in the enslavement of his own race and his own kindred in an industrial bondage, which does not provide that the master shall feed and clothe the slaves, nor care for, nor minister to their needs in sickness nor in death." Pretty straight talk for the south.

ANOTHER man has testified that an assistant prosecuting attorney offered him a bribe to testify to statements tending to prove the guilt of Tom Mooney in the preparedness parade explosion murder in San Francisco. This makes two. But still Mooney is under sentence of death. The presumption is strong that the lawlessness, the anarchism, the terrorism of the anti-laborites at the Golden Gate are as great as those of the labor-skates, so-called.

MAYOR WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, mayor of Chicago, announces himself as candidate for the Republican nomination for United States senator on a platform that favors the war but opposes everything that is being done to win the war. His platform reads like an echo of Clement L. Vallandigham's copperhead campaign in Ohio in 1863.

Not alone is Ireland for home rule. Scotland now has a movement to that end. And Wales, too. The fact is that the British parliament cannot longer legislate properly on all the local affairs of the component parts of the British isles; nor can such matters be left to subcommittees of Scottish or Welsh members of parliament. Last week there was a conference at Llandinrod Wells, in Wales, on self-government and it adjourned to meet the Welsh members of parliament later. A committee was appointed to draft a Welsh nationalist programme. The Welsh educational authorities have decided to support the Welsh government scheme instead of a Welsh educational council. Wales and Scotland want self-government of the kind that Canada has, and the states in Australasia. The only part of the British empire that doesn't want home rule is the province of Ulster, in Ireland. As Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, of the London *Daily News*, told the City Club last week, 999 out of every 1,000 people in the British empire favor home rule all around, Ireland included. But Ulster won't have it. And for the time being Ulster is strong enough politically to hold up what everybody else wants, by threatening trouble if she is subordinated to the empire. With Wales

and Scotland and all of democratic England against her, Ulster will have to come into the great British confederation. Orangemen are helping Germany just as much as are the Sinn Feiners. A little coercion might be applied to Ulster with good effect not only for Ulster but for the world. With Wales for home rule, and Scotland too, the last home of obscurantism is in northern Ireland.

REMEMBER Armenia! There the Turk under Teuton direction has made such a horror of starvation and massacre of Christians as must cause hell rising on its thousand thrones to do him reverence. In all history there has been nothing to compare with such a race-murder as has there been carried out with a cruelty to which ordinary warfare is most benign kindness. The lightnings of slaughter illumine the inconceivable abominations of ruthless rape. The victims have committed no offense but that of adhering to Christianity. Armenians and Syrians are being exterminated at such a rate that the extermination would be complete but for weariness of the ravishing, murdering executioners. Fortunately there is a way by which relief can be extended to such of those people as the butchers have been unable to destroy. The Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee needs money to carry on the work. Its call for help is one that should not be unheeded by those who have given for Belgian, Polish, Serbian and other relief. If there be those who have not given for any cause thus far, they may be regarded as hopeless. The givers must continue to give.

PEOPLE in the middle west can hardly have failed to notice the recent improvement in the *St. Louis Republic*. "Old 1808" has been wonderfully gingered up, and this without saffronization. It's a better news paper and a better looking paper typographically. The quality of its news is as much bettered as the manner of its presentation. The paper has a style about it that is cosmopolitan, and it has made a profitable move in devoting much space in the Sunday issue to the news of the small towns and villages in St. Louis territory. Editorially the *Republic* has had an accession of "pep." The paper has begun to assert itself with directness, to criticize things straight from the shoulder. It is no longer afraid to offend certain elements and interests. Why, it has dared to advocate the retirement of Congressman Shackleford for his lack of sympathy with the war, and it may go after other representatives who voted on important matters with their minds upon the so-called German vote in their districts. The *Republic* has thrown off its bourbonism with a handsome gesture. In its war and other news it shows a sense of proportion and of values. It has eliminated the cheap and flashy. There pervades the paper an evidence of some regard for culture but none, oh never, for *Kultur*. Some regard is paid to the writing of the news—to something other than spread and screech and mere slapdash. All this is very warmly to be welcomed in the old publication, renewing its mighty youth. Mr. Sam Hellman, the new managing editor, is responsible for the gratifying change. His work shows as that of a first-class newspaper man, with both energy and poise, with ingenuity and judgment. The old *Republic* is enlivened without skittishness and made interesting without too much appeal to sensation. I look for it to shake things up in its constituency and I hope it has broken away forever from the traditions of a party organ.

THAT war chest idea is being knocked out everywhere. It was or is a fine example of de-spiritualized efficiency. It sounds good to say that the proper way to raise funds for so many purposes needing funds just now is to bunch all the objects, make one grand drive on the community for a big sum of money and then apportion the total among the various causes. But it is sound and nothing more. The plan would

quench the enthusiasm of individuals for the funds for work in which they are especially interested. It would operate upon people only to make them write a check and then forget, leaving the rest to the book-keepers. People would give their money and not themselves. Their ardor for one cause would be made tepid by their lack of interest in other causes. The importance of each cause would be diminished. Interest would be leveled down. And the man who could get off with one donation would be happy because he would be sure that the one would be smaller than the sum of many possible smaller ones. A supreme merit in the multiplication of solicitational drives is that giving is a function that grows by use. The different causes cultivate the giving habit. They multiply interest and they bring people oftener together. Emulation is stimulated and people get an emotional and intellectual stirring up that is good for them. The war chest plan would come nowhere near meeting the need of good causes for help. There will be more causes later. Their increase would result in cutting down the portion of each in a war chest fund. That the war chest plan would paralyze benevolence in a short time is perfectly plain. We have had splendid results from the drives for separate causes. The results could not possibly have been bettered by the war chest scheme. The funds grow bigger as the drives are more numerous. They seem to prove that we have developed a happy passion for giving as an offset to our old craze of getting. The war chest is a device for the development of pococurantism in the multitudinous variety of war endeavor. It would make us in time a nation of Gallios, caring for none of those things. Pococurantists are simply another kind of pacifist, and the pacifist, in effect, if not in purpose, is a supporter of the worst kind of warfare—the Prussian kind.

SPAIN acts queerly in the world war. She is neutral, she says. Nobody else is quite sure of it. She agreed to sell certain supplies to our troops, then suddenly refused to sell, then renewed her agreement. King Alfonso has been the medium of communications with Potsdam in such matters as securing reprieves for condemned Belgians, the release of interned aliens and so forth. The one open way of getting connections with Berlin is by way of Madrid. It is surer than the route through Switzerland. We've read of German u-boats sinking Spanish ships, by mistake, and of battered German tin fishes being interned in her harbors and occasionally escaping. We hear now that the Spanish court is pro-German, the people pro-ally. Again we are told it is the other way about. We have heard that Spain, remembering Cuba and the Philippines, is pro-German more than before, since we entered the war, but there is no proof. Officially Spain is neutral. But she is having a hard time of it, as we may understand when Americans there have to wait three months to get a vessel that will take them home. And Spain has trouble in Morocco, where it will be remembered the present war came near starting some three years before it did start. Spain looked, maybe still looks, to Morocco to compensate her for the loss of Cuba and the Philippines. She is building railroads there. She has floated lately a big Morocco loan. She has an army there. Great Britain and France have Moroccan interests and Germany has also. The situation is a complex one, an improvisation after the Agadir affair. In the Spanish zone one of the officials is Raisuli, erstwhile a bandit—you remember President Roosevelt's demand, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!" This Raisuli is strongly suspect of German connections. He is thought to be taking German money and stirring up trouble in Tangier. Madrid newspapers agree that matters are shaky, but pro-ally papers say that the Germans are the trouble-makers, while pro-German papers say that British journalists are the disturbers. One of those journalists was denounced by name for such action in a recent government publication. Each side avers that the other machinates to get Spain into the war for that side, and Señor Dato, a Spanish leader, says that there

would be no difficulty at all if Spain were master in Tangier and not hobbled by the arrangement of a sort of partition of influence with Great Britain and France.

It is said that France is not satisfied with Spain's failure to suppress German activities both in Spain and Morocco. There is friction, too, over Franco-Hispanic trade agreements. This country told Spain that the United States had to come in with France on those agreements. Spain assented but wavered under German coercion. It is set forth in some London papers that "the Spanish and the internationalized Tangier zones have been used for machinations against the allies to such an extent in recent times that the French authorities for the last few weeks have cut off all postal communication between the zones. Reports concerning the plans of the allied armies and movements on the western front have, so it is declared, been obtained in the French zone, taken over the border to the Spanish and international zones and from there sent by spies into Spain for dispatch to Germany." From the same source comes the tale that Germany supports two rebel leaders, Abdul Malek and Heiba. The former is said to have a considerable army of mercenaries, largely recruited in the Spanish zone, commanded by Germans, supplied with modern German arms and ammunition, smuggled in on the Mediterranean coast by means of submarines. Heiba, in the south, has also been supplied with German arms. At Larache there is continual communication with the German submarines and the tribesmen have been copiously circularized with leaflets, printed in Barcelona, in which they are invited to assassinate General Lyautey, the French high commissioner.

In Spain the press refers to Morocco only in most guarded terms. The subject is loaded with political dynamite. Spain doesn't want to be shut out of Morocco altogether, as she might well be if the Moors started to drive out the French and English. Spain's hope is that the Moors are waiting to see how the big war comes out. They don't like either the English, the French or the Spanish; but, Spain thinks, they don't like the Germans either, though willing to take German money for the time being. But Germany can make it hot for Spain and Spain cannot do much in self-defense. Spain, like the Moors, watches the war carefully, undetermined which side to take, getting cocky with the allies when the Germans make a big drive, and then spunking up against Germany when the allies look like winners. She is in much the same plight as Holland, between two fires. The winners of the war can smash Spain with little effort. No wonder she wobbles in her neutrality.

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Missouri's Tax Machine

THE Missouri Tax Commission orders all the county assessors in the state to assess all property "at its true value in money" as the law directs. The State Board of Equalization has said that property need not be assessed in that way, notwithstanding the plain letter of the law. The question is whether the Board of Equalization is above the law. Everybody knows it is not. The board is dominated by politicians who want to help themselves or their parties by keeping taxes low on farmers and high on city folks. Some regions are egregiously undertaxed, others abominably undertaxed by reason of variation in the percentage of valuation assessed. The result is that Missouri has the rottenest tax system of any state in the union. It violates nearly every true principle of taxation and it is enabled to do this the more effectively because of the inequitable revisions of the tax returns by the Board of Equalization. Our tax laws are bad. The Board of Equalization worsens them and it doesn't care for the constitution, the statutes or anything else in its determination to use tax-favoritism for political advantage. Maybe if, after the property has been assessed at its true value in money all over the state, the Board of Equalization proceeds to nullify such compliance with the law, the matter can then

be taken to the courts. If it ever should be, the courts cannot help but sustain the law.

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Embalmed Beef

EMBALMED beef again! How it recalls 1898 and the Spanish-American war! But it appears that the discovery of rotten meat sold to the army is an isolated case. Furnishing such foul food is not a widespread, systematic conspiracy of poisoning and profiteering like the one that flourished when we were freeing Cuba. The authorities have not expatiated upon the discovery. They caught the offenders in good time. They are better equipped to deal with the packers of putrid meat than they were when Russell A. Alger was secretary of war. The packers are more in the hollow of the government's hand. Their plants may be seized any day or hour. Now that embalmed beef has been discovered, more of it will be thoroughly looked for and those who supply it will be brought to account. But eternal vigilance is the price of honest food for our fighters, and embalmed beef is but one form of the protean corruptionism of war contracting.

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Our Senatorial Field

By William Marion Reedy

SO far former Governor Joseph Wingate Folk and present incumbent by appointment, Xenophon P. Wilfley are the only contestants for the Democratic nomination for United States senator to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator William Joel Stone.

Mr. Folk has a national reputation, first as the uncoverer and convict of St. Louis bootleggers, then as a progressive law-enforcing governor of the state, later as counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission. He is a Democrat of the Bryan school, graduated into the Wilsonian college. He is not popular with machine politicians, having refused when governor to build a machine for himself. Had he done so he might have beaten Stone for the senatorship. The city politicians don't like him. He gave Missouri a closed Sunday. He put racing out of business. Locally and nationally he is known as a reformer. He is not friendly to the "liberal" elements but he is strong with the church folks. Resigning as counsel to the Interstate Commerce Commission recently, he returned to St. Louis to lead a fight against the so-called terminal monopoly—a move that made for popularity. Mr. Folk is a much abler man than his enemies will admit. No one could possibly have a choicer collection of enemies most vindictive. As a reformer he has stepped upon many toes. Mr. Folk is not a good mixer with the boys. They say he is cold and cautious. But he always gets on the side of the moralities and stresses that position until it seems only the friends of the immoralities are opposed to him. Practically he has been out of Missouri politics since he left the governorship. He ran for senator and was beaten and he was an aspirant to the Democratic presidential nomination in 1912, when Champ Clark secured the Missouri delegation and lost the nomination by an eye-lash when Mr. Bryan declared for Wilson. Mr. Folk has no organization, at least not an extensive one, though he has many friends and some who are wealthy and powerful. I note that many of the old guard, former Folkphobists are coming out for him. He is well known throughout the state and his official record is one that should get him votes. Of course he's right as to the war.

Mr. Wilfley is not so well known. He was the attorney for Governor Gardner, who appointed him in April to fill Stone's place until an election could be held in November. He is well thought of and well spoken of by members of the bar, but he has no commanding position, no towering reputation. He has not yet had a chance to make a speech in the senate. His speeches in the state since his appointment have been rather uninspiring. They consisted only of declarations of unreserved loyalty to the President and his policies. Back of him will be the organization composed of the appointees throughout

the state of Governor Gardner, and the people who think that Governor Gardner has been a forceful, clean and effective executive. The governor has nothing more to give. He cannot succeed himself. He has said he seeks no higher office. Therefore it is thought by some that the Gardner organization won't stick for the Gardner candidate. It is thought by some that Governor Gardner himself will be a candidate for senator at the end of his term, and that being no pauper he might put up a big fight. Therefore he may organize his appointees and put Wilfley in office to hold the place until Gardner can make the race at the conclusion of the Stone-Wilfley term. But on the other hand Gardner has lost friends by forcing Wilfley as a candidate. The appointment as a compliment was all right, but it's not the custom for such appointees to make the race for election.

Governor Folk played hob in office with the saloon interest in the state. He made it obey the laws. He put the lid on on Sundays, closed up the all night places, cleaned the business up. Is he a prohibitionist? As governor he was not. He sidetracked a prohibition movement at that time. That was in 1904-1908. Prohibition is stronger now. Twelve states have declared for the prohibition amendment to the national constitution. The tide is running that way. Judging from Mr. Folk's general attitude he may be suspected of dry leanings. There are votes to be had in that direction.

Senator Wilfley, I have been told, is an out-and-out prohibitionist. The man who appointed him was elected governor by 2,200 votes, when Wilson carried the state by 30,000, and it is said the difference in the votes represents the effect in the rural parts of Gardner's declaration of opposition to prohibition a few days before the election. There may be a cue and a clew to Senator Wilfley's probable course in the fact cited.

Candidates, while we are at war with Germany, are not likely to be considerate of the brewing industry, chiefly controlled by Germans, most of whom, in the view of the rural Democracy, are Republicans anyhow, and have never shown any gratitude for all the Democratic party has done for them. I am stating this simply as a factor in the situation. I am opposed utterly and absolutely to prohibition. But prohibition is up. It is the only issue in politics now, aside from the war, and to many people it is a means to victory. It cannot be suppressed. Messrs. Folk and Wilfley both favor woman suffrage. Mr. Folk has favored tax reform. Governor Gardner has favored honest assessment of taxes and equalization as between the counties. The politicians oppose him, thinking thereby to win favor with the farmers. If they are right, rural opposition to Gov. Gardner's attempt to secure the assessment of all property at actual cash value, may extend to Governor Gardner's senatorial appointee and beat him. This is a low and mean estimate of the farmer. It may be wrong. It's bad policy to reckon any class of people as being basely selfish. The taxes will be an issue and Mr. Folk is more right on taxes than Mr. Wilfley. I think he favors home rule in taxation, though hardly in matters of police and excise and elections. Mr. Folk, I think, will beat Mr. Wilfley by a big majority for the nomination. He should; he is the better man for the hour.

At the time of writing no Republicans have filed their announcements of candidacy for the senatorial nomination. Mr. Walter S. Dickey, who ran for senator the last time, may file again. He is a wealthy Kansas Cityan and what may be called a good all-round man. If there is anything definite against his character and record it did not come out in his former race. He is a protectionist of course, not at all a progressive on the Roosevelt order. An able business man about describes him.

Another Republican mentioned for the place is Mr. John S. Leahy, a handsome, eloquent, prepossessing, pugnacious and successful St. Louis lawyer, of an old Irish family noted for union loyalty during the war between the states. He was once a St. Louis councilman, and an independent one. I recall his presiding at a meeting in honor of Colonel Roosevelt

here in 1916. That is an exhibit of his political ideas and ideals. I doubt if he is capable of being a good machine man. I doubt that he is or could be a prohibitionist and possibly he would give the ladies anything but the ballot. How he stands with the rural Republicans I don't know, but they will like him when they see and hear him. Most people do. I don't know how he stands with the St. Louis Republican machine, which, whatever else it may be, is not the least little bit Irish.

Mr. Dickey is by the politicians regarded as having a claim upon the nomination, especially as Judge Lamm, who made a wonderful race for governor in 1916, and almost won when his party was snowed under, would not run on any consideration. Mr. Dickey is said to be the choice of the state committee.

Finally, whomsoever the Republicans nominate, he cannot be elected. It is all Wilson and all Democracy in Missouri this year.

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Reactions of a Reader

By Allitericus

VII. TO A QUOTATION FROM HEINE

READERS of these Reactions are not expected to remember them. I should feel—well, I can't express just how I *should* feel!—in case anything of that kind came to pass. So I will not allude to their possible recollection of the fact that I chanced to mention the celebrated Mr. Joseph Pennell in one of them a few weeks ago, he and his almost equally well-known wife, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, as among those Pennsylvanians of fame of whom Mr. Theodore Dreiser, alack and alas, had never heard.

"The Pennells" have done a lot of things, in the way of art and literature, to make themselves memorable. One of the latest of these incidents was the expulsion of the male member of the firm from a prominent Philadelphia club because of an alleged insult offered by him to a British officer, in the club house, for which he refused to apologize. The details of this affair have been only scantily made known as both expellers and expellee have declined to talk for publication.

Personally my sympathies are all with the artist. He has enjoyed the reputation of being a gentleman and, I imagine, still is one. If he said something to the British officer which that dignity did not savor, probably he "had his reasons." It is understood that the conversation in which the "insult" passed was upon the war, and as Mr. Pennell's patriotism has been well approved I give him the benefit of the doubt. Incidentally, he has lived off and on in England for years, and perhaps on that account does not feel such awe of British officers as the directors of a Philadelphia club quite supposably must. I think history records, also incidentally, that British officers are at times not felicitous in their own remarks.

However, this Reaction is not specifically to or about the Pennells. I allude to them only in order to lead up to something with which they are a link. When I enumerated, in time past, a few famous Pennsylvanians—famous despite the fact that the omniscient Mr. Dreiser had never heard of them—in mentioning them, having included the Pennells, I did not go on to include, as I very well might have, Mrs. Pennell's uncle, the late Charles Godfrey Leland.

In his time Charles Godfrey Leland was a picturesque figure among Americans of salience. Born in Philadelphia and educated abroad—in Germany and elsewhere—he was a marvelous linguist and an erudite philologist. He first made a big popular hit with "Hans Breitman's Ballads," skits in German-American dialect, in their day read and recited all over the country. Later C. G. L. became "serious." He conceived an infatuation for gipsy life and lore, lived much among the Romanys, wrote about them and compiled a dictionary of their lingo. In allusion to Borrow's gipsy masterpiece, "The Romany Rye," Leland, among his intimates, was known as "The

Rye." His great literary achievement was the authorship, in collation with Albert Barrère, of the monumental "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant," the most important, extensive, learned and interesting work of its kind.

To many, however, Leland exists principally because it is to him that we owe the only complete edition of the writings of Heinrich Heine in English translation. Heine wrote sometimes in German, sometimes in French. Leland was as much at home in both languages as if born to their use. He knew all their colloquialisms and slang phrases, their lights and shades, touch and go, of all which Heine made so much capital. He had lived in both the Germany and the France of Heine during Heine's own lifetime. He enthusiastically admired the great Hebraic literary artist, but was also able objectively to criticize him and his work. Hence his translation ranks high as an original literary performance, as well as because of the wealth of explanatory and critical notes with which the text is enriched.

Well—the other day I chanced to pick up a magazine and, sketching through an article upon some phase of the war, came across a quotation from Heine—that one which has been more than once reprinted since the war began. In it, writing in 1834, the poet prophesied what has, in the past four years, come to pass. But this quotation, as given, was garbled and incorrect. Recalling that volume of Heine's in which the original appeared, his "Germany" (which he composed in French and first contributed serially to the *Revue des deux Mondes* under the title, "*De l'Allemagne*"), I turned to it, in Leland's translation, and found his words so interesting and so prophetic that I am going to transcribe them, despite their length. It occurs in the chapter entitled, "From Kant to Hegel," and runs as follows:

Let not your hearts be disquieted, ye German Republicans; your German revolution will be none the gentler and milder because the "Critique" of Kant, the Fichtean Transcendental-Idealism, and even the philosophy of Nature, preceded it. These doctrines have developed revolutionary forces which only await the day to break forth and fill the world with terror and astonishment.

There will be Kantians forthcoming who in the new world to come will know nothing of reverence for aught, and who will ravage without mercy, and riot with sword and axe through the soil of all European life to dig out the last root of the past. There will be well-weaponed Fichtians on the ground, who in the fanaticism of the Will are not to be restrained by fear or self-advantage, for they live in the Spirit. They defy matter, like the early Christians, who were not to be influenced by bodily torture or worldly delights; nay, such Transcendental-Idealists would be in a social revolution more inflexible than those Christians, for they endured earthly martyrdom that they might thereby attain to heavenly bliss, while the Transcendental-Idealist regards martyrdom itself as mere appearance, and is inaccessible in the citadel of his own thought. But the philosophers of Nature would be more terrible than all of these, should they practically engage in a German revolution, and identify themselves with the work of destruction. For if the hand of the Kantian strikes strongly and surely, it is because his heart is moved by no traditional fear or respect; if the Fichtean dares all dangers it is because for him they do not exist in reality, and the philosopher of Nature will be terrible because he will appear in alliance with the primitive powers of Nature, able to evoke the demoniac energies of the old Germanic Pantheism—doing which there will awake in him that battle-madness which we find among the ancient Teutonic races who fought neither to kill nor conquer but for the very love of fighting itself.

It is the fairest virtue of Christianity that it somewhat mitigated that brutal gaudium certaminis, or joy of battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break. The old stone gods will rise from long-forgotten ruin, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, leaping to life, with his giant hammer will crush the Gothic cathedrals!

But when those days shall come, and ye hear the stamping and ring of arms, guard ye well, ye

neighbour's children, ye French, and put not forth your hands into what we are doing in Germany, for verily evil will come upon you for that. Beware lest ye blow the fire and take heed lest ye quench it; ye can in so doing all too easily burn your fingers. And laugh not at my advice, the advice of a dreamer who warns you against Kantians, Fichtians and philosophers of Nature, nor at the fantasist who awaits in the world of things to be seen that which has been before in the world of shadows. Thought goes before the deed as lightning precedes thunder. German thunder is indeed German, and not in a hurry, and it comes rolling slowly onward; but come it will, and when ye hear it crash as naught ever before crashed in the whole history of the world, then know that der deutsche Donner, our German thunder, has at last hit the mark. At that sound the eagles will fall dead from on high, the lions in remotest deserts of Africa will draw in their tails and creep into their royal caves. There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will be only an innocent idyl. . . .

And the hour will come. As on the benches of an amphitheatre, the races will group round Germany to behold the great battle-play. I warn ye then, Frenchmen, keep very quiet, and for your lives do not applaud. We might easily misunderstand it, and in our rude manner teach you roughly to keep quiet; for if we long ago, when in our weary, worn and servile state, were able to subdue you, we shall have still greater power to do so when in the pride of youthful intoxication of freedom. You yourselves know what a man can do in such a condition. . . . And so beware! I mean you well, and so speak bitter truth. You have more to fear from Germany set free than from all the Holy Alliance with all the Croats and Cossacks. . . . In any case, I counsel you to be well on your guard. . . . to keep your armor on, remain quietly at your posts, weapon on arm. I have kindest feelings for you, and I was almost alarmed when I read lately that your minister proposed to disarm France.

Prophecies, howsoever fulfilled never are, especially those in which irony is present, to the letter, Heine, the ardent revolutionist, exiled in Paris from his native land, where the freedom of his opinions was intolerable (you recall how the Kaiser, when he purchased the chateau of the murdered Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, on the Island of Corfu, found there a statue of Heine, which he caused to be destroyed?), was dreaming of German revolution. Fourteen years later, in 1848, it came. But far from proving what he had imagined, it "died a-bornin'." And then the slave-like and ferocious Teutons settled down to settling their internal quarrels; under the leadership of Bismarck, organized themselves for conquest; and, still later, under that of Wilhelm II, for a world-revolution with *Deutschland über Alles*.

Mighty are the strokes which the Kantian-Fichtean-Hegelian hordes of Germany have delivered, particularly upon France, which, thank God, she did not find disarmed, but "quietly at her post, weapon on arm." And how has not "Thor, leaping to life with his giant hammer, crushed the Gothic cathedrals?" Rheims, most sacred of them all, is a blasted ruin. Amiens, "Parthenon of Gothic architecture," is under fire and crumbling daily. Laon is a smoking pile of *dissecta membra*.

Amiens, "Parthenon of Gothic architecture!" You recall how the true Parthenon, whose august ruins rise upon the Athenian Acropolis, was reduced to its present condition by the bombardment of the Turks; and that the Turks are the allies of the Teutons in the world-war of to-day—barbarians linked with barbarians in a common onslaught upon civilization and its monuments, art's treasures sacro-sanct.

By the way, there is, slightly to change the subject, a wonderful little poem by Thomas Hardy, in his new book, "Moments of Vision," in which Gothic and Hellenic art are strikingly contrasted. Here it is:

THE YOUNG GLASS STAINER

"These Gothic windows, how they wear me out
With cusp and foil, and nothing straight or square,
Crude colors, leaden borders roundabout,
And fitting in Peter here and Matthew there!

"What a vocation! Here do I draw now
The abnormal, loving the Hellenic norm;
Martha I paint, and dream of Hera's brow,
Mary, and think of Aphrodite's form."

Storm and Sun

By John Hall Wheelock

LOVE, now the herded billows over the holy plain
Of the trampled sea move thunderously,
and cast
Their wrath on the dark shore—let us set out again,
Let us make seaward, and be gone at last
Into the choiring, clashing, wild waste of waters
strown
Around us,—forward—forward—and leave behind
The little frets and the fevers, just we two alone,
Heart-free, as once in days long out of mind!
Forget the city and all its troubles, leave forever
Our dusty ways; the Eternal 'round us rolled
Shall wash us white of the little sins and fears that
sever,
Lave us, and leave us lovers as of old—
Lovers as once in golden days gone by, till sorrow
Fall from us like a robe, the martyrdom
Of life on the daily rack: there shall be no To-
morrow
Nor Yesterday, but heaven and ocean.—Sweetheart,
come
And on the swelling pillow of the Unbounded lean
Your cheek all fiery now—O let us press
Forward, the changeful furrows of the flashing foam
between,
Our glowing bodies into the Loveliness!
The waves shatter, the billows break us, the sullen
wrath
Of the surf beats down our foreheads. Line on
line
Rises the majesty of the sea to oppose our path
With tingling bodies through the stinging brine.
But in our jubilant breasts the embattled life at bay
Exults fiercely for joy, the waves cry out
And shout in answering joy, the salt and savage
spray
Showers our shoulders in the exuberant bout,
Where we press forward laughing for lusty love, and
the hollows
Receive us and rise, the foam of the breaker's
crest
Unfolds like a flower and dies of its kiss, and
subsides, and follows
Laughing and loving where our limbs have pressed,
Till in the lustrous shadow of the last wave before
us
We bow, and from the rolling billow's might
Lift glimmering eyelids up, while hearts and lips in
chorus
Mingle with winds and waters their delight.
Far—far—where the sea-bird sinks weary wings at
last
Before the wrath of the wings of the wind, the sea
Makes moan, the inconsolable, pale waters are aghast
And shudder with dread of their own immensity.
They murmur with one another, the voice of their
vast prayer
Sinks down in supplication, and the sleep
Of the Supreme is stirred to whispers everywhere—
The dark and divine sorrows of the Deep.
Where the heads of the sea were holy and lifted in
wrath divine

Now broods the silence, heaven holds its breath,—
Where the feet of the winds made music far out to
the lone sea-line,
The rapture and awe and silence as of death.

Hark—how the lonely sea-bird screams above the
surges
And inland reaches! Now far out we roam
The desert and dumb vast of the dread sea that urges
Our fitful course far out beyond the foam,

Toward the most pallid rim of cloudy noonday steer-
ing
Steadily, while the fluent glooms and grave
Lap us and lift, repulse, and pause—the wild and
veering
Will of the loving and reluctant wave.

The sombre and immense breast of the huge sea
Lifts in long lines of beauty, the supreme
Bosom with its vast love rises resistlessly,
And lapses in long lines into its dream.

Lone to the last marge—lone—lone—lone—
And void to where the huddled waters crowd
The brim—along the floor of heavens' darkened
throne
Moves, like a ghost, the shadow of a cloud.

Shadow and light pass over shifting, shine and shade
Vanish and veer, upon the chilly rim
Kindle like crowns the cloud-crests along the east
arrayed
And swords of flame like swords of the seraphim.

The floors of the sea catch fire, the eye of the world's
light
Dilates, and into a glory of glittering gold
Break the pale greens and purples: the sun in
heaven's height
Unveils himself for all men to behold.

And all the world is a-riot, behind us and before,
With fire and color—the heavens roll back their
gloom,—
From zone to zone, from the zenith to the ever-
lasting floor
Reaches one resonant and radiant room—

Light! Light! The astounded, far fields of ocean
shine
Sheer gold and shimmering amber: where we take
The lips of the wave with laughter your eyes are
turned to mine,
Sweetheart, your eyes that burn for beauty's sake.

They tremble with happy tears and little words
unspoken
Trouble your lips; dumbly, dumbly we know
Something starry and strange, that the world's wheel
has broken,
Come back to us out of the long-ago.

Put out your hand. O cleave the clasp of the close
wave, turning
Its fire to flowers! Put out your hand, and move
Forward into the radiant far reaches 'round us
burning,
Darling, as once in the old days of love.

Our hearts drink the wrath and the wonder, the
breath of the boundless spaces
Hallows our foreheads, the exceeding might
Of moving waters around us is music, and on our
faces
The glory of God is shed, His holy light!

Atilla, King of the Huns

By Paul de Saint-Victor

Translated from the French by Louis Albert Lamb

STRANGE figure this of the Caliban of war.
He mingles the ferocity of the brutes with the
vices of despots; cruel as a savage chieftain and
corrupt as an old sultan; he has the violence of the
Mongol and Byzantine perfidy; there is in him both
ogre and diplomatist. It was not alone by fear, but
by ruse that he attacked the Low Empires of the
east and of the west. The tiger turned cat to toy
with the feeble Caesars who reigned in effigy over
the world. He exploited them, he flouted them, he
flattered them, and he wore them out with embassies
and derisive negotiations; he demanded the impos-
sible, sword to throat, and the impossible was ren-
dered unto him. Rome and Constantinople drained
themselves to sate the caprices of this monstrous
spoiled child of force. One day he bade the Emperor
Theodosius to deliver to him a rich heiress, coveted
by one of the soldiery: the girl, terrified, took flight,
and Theodosius under pain of invasion was com-
pelled to replace her. Another time he demanded of
Valentinian the chalices saved by a bishop from the
sack of Sirmium: the emperor answered that he
could not, without sacrilege, yield up the consecrated
vessels, and offered to pay twice their value. "My
chalices or war!"—that was the reply of Atilla.

From the depths of his palace of logs which har-
bored his rude seraglio and horde of children, this
Khan Kalmouck terrified the world. It was as sup-
pliants that the ambassadors of the empire approach-
ed the royal bark; they wandered about a long time
before being admitted to the planked and palisaded
inclosure. Coming before Atilla they found them-
selves face to face with a little pudgy, flat-nosed,
beardless man, almost black, whose eyes flamed with
anger.

Priscus, who was one of an embassy sent by
Theodosius to the barbarian king, has handed down
to us a picture of this all but fabled court. He
shows us Atilla making a solemn entry into his
capital, under white canopies held up by virgins. As
soon as he had passed before the house of his min-
ister Onegese, a woman emerged surrounded by
servants bearing plates of meat and a tankard of
wine. She approached and besought him to taste
the repast she had prepared. Atilla made a sign of
assent, whereupon four men lifted to the stature of
the horse a table of silver; and without touching foot
to earth, the king ate and drank.

A few days afterward Atilla invited the ambas-
sadors to a grand banquet. The Romans entered the
hall, furnished with little tables and seats. In the
middle of the hall was set up the dais bearing the
royal table and the couch on which Atilla was re-
clining. At his feet knelt Ellak, the oldest of his
sons, in the attitude of a slave, silent with downcast
eyes. The guests were served on plates of silver,
with meat in cups of gold; but Atilla ate and drank
from vessels of wood. In the intervals of the feast-
ing two minstrels stood forth and chanted in the lan-
guage of the Huns the victories of the king. Their
hymn transported the audience, a frenzy of enthu-
siasm fell upon the barbarians, which found vent in
guttural cries: tears streamed from their eyes and
their faces took on the furious expression of attack
and defense.

Then came the jester and his contortions drew
forth boisterous laughter. But through all the tu-
mult Atilla remained unmoved, presiding in silence
over the raging orgy. Only once, when Ernak, the
youngest of his sons, entered the hall a flash of joy
lighted up his somber face; his eyes softened, and
with a caressing movement, gently pinching the plump
cheek, he drew the child to him.

Meanwhile Atilla made answer to the ambassadors
of the Caesars. Two Hunnish envoys presented them-
selves the same day before the Emperors Theodosius

and Valentinian, charged with identical messages, in these words: "Atilla, my master and thine, commands thee to prepare for him a palace, as he is about to come thither."

Well, he came in the terrible year 451, presaged by comets, eclipses of the moon and by clouds of blood in which armed phantoms clashed with flaming lances. Never was the end of the world so near at hand. It was not an invasion; it was a deluge. Huns, Alains, Gelons, Avars, Ostrogoths, Gepides, Bulgarians, Turks, Hungarians—Barbarity in mass surged about Atilla. The animal kingdom in insurrection against man rallying about a monster endowed with will and intelligence—even that hardly gives an idea of the peril which menaced civilization on that gloomy day. In a few days the two Germanies and the Gauls disappeared under the whirlwind of horses and horsemen. The people fled in a rout before this human tempest which pillaged, pulverized, massacred, and laid waste all that it touched, completing with the torch the work of the sword. On all hands the uproar of falling cities and the dying gurgle of throttled nations. Rivulets of blood ran together and made torrents; the forests were gorged with what the cities disgorged; and the tilled fields were wiped clean by the harrow of destruction. It was as if the Huns had brought the desert from the depths of Asia and spread it like a shroud over the ancient world.

Atilla took on various metamorphoses in the midst of the storm that he unleashed. He appeared by the light of burning cities in the form of the mythologic beast, Chimera. Some chronicles give him the head of an ass; others, the loins of a hog; these accounts deprive him of speech and represent him as giving forth only inarticulate grunts. Sacred tradition conceived him as the Biblical rod, a flail to pulverize the nations, wielded by the hand of God emerging from the clouds. Atilla himself accepted with pride this sinister surname. The legend has it that when he heard a monk speak of him as "the flail of God" he went into a frenzy of infernal delight. "The stars fall, the earth trembles, and I am the hammer that smites the world!" This is the autobiography of the King of the Huns.

By the surname which he himself had elected, the bishops addressed him, standing by at his approach, with mitre and crosier, at the gates of the cities. And there was no little element of respect in the apostrophes these men of the gospels pronounced in exorcising this Dragon of the Apocalypse.

"Who art thou?" cried St. Loup, addressing him from the turrets of Troyes. "Who art thou, that scatterest the peoples like straw, and grindest crowns to dust under the hoofs of thy charger?"

"I am Atilla, the Flail of God."

"Oh," replied the bishop, "that art welcome, Flail of God, of the God whose servant I also am. Be welcome; it is not I who would stay thee." And going down from the walls with his clergy, he opened the double door and, leading by the bridle the charger of the King of the Huns, brought him into the city. "Enter, Flail of my God, and go whithersoever His arm may guide thee."

Atilla entered Troyes with his army, but a miraculous veil enveloped the city—a mirage concealed it from the eyes of the barbarians, so that they passed on, believing that they were traversing a vast plain beyond which lay the city of their lust.

Alas for the western world if Aetius had not vanquished Atilla on the Catalaunic fields. Gigantic battle of baffling significance! Two hundred thousand dead; cascades of blood leaping into the little brook until it becomes a mighty river; Atilla entrenched behind a palisade of wagons, raging like mad before a pyre of burning saddles, prepared for his own holocaust in case his camp was carried by storm. In truth a combat of gods and giants worthy of the Eddas.

Aetius surpassed Marius and equaled Caesar in this epic fray; but alas, glory has shed on his name

only a dubious ray. History is unjust indeed, not to set up altars to her latter-day heroes—Probus, Posthumus, Stilicon, Aetius, who so magnificently stood the shock of the barbarians and, Joshua-like, commanded the setting sun of Roman civilization to stand still. But it is of the nature of barbarism to make night around its seat; men and things grow dark at its approach; civilization becomes barbarian in fighting it; and the wounds of shadow strike home equally to victor and vanquished. Victories against it fail to subjugate the imagination, their trumpet calls are only raucous blasts, their laurels are but crowns of thorns, there remain of them hardly more traces than of a wolf hunt in the fastnesses of the forest. Atilla and the night!

To Simplify the Draft

By a Member of a Draft Board

SHORTLY after we were forced to enter the world war congress passed an act, known as the selective service law, which required all men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one to register for military service. Subsequently each registrant, in accordance with the selective service regulations prescribed by the President, filled out a questionnaire and was duly classified. The purpose was not only to meet the existing emergency but to do so in a manner that would, to quote President Wilson, do "even and considerate justice to all." That purpose would have been accomplished if the morale of the Germany army had been wrecked, as we then hoped and believed it would be, just as soon as we had a formidable army on the European fields and in training camps. Perhaps when we indulged this hope we did not appreciate as we do to-day that a nation which regards war as a biological necessity and whose every subject is born a savage and only made ferocious by education, as its own writers have declared, can be influenced or subdued not by psychological factors but by force alone. It is this consciousness that makes evident our mistakes in the classification of registrants and shows us that rules for raising an army of limited proportions might work an injustice if applied when an army of unlimited numbers is needed.

The registrants were divided into five classes. Those in class one are being inducted into service as fast as arrangements can be made for their training. They are all reconciled to their lot and their minds are at ease, as are those in class five, who are exempted from service. But those in the remaining classes are in suspense, like Mahomet's coffin, continually oscillating between hallucination and despair by reason of the conflicting press despatches from day to day—now that the draft age limit will be raised to forty and again that it will be raised to sixty—and make life miserable for draft board members by pouring into their ears eloquent streams of information based on hopes and fears about these rumors concerning the draft situation. Their efforts are often augmented by men beyond the draft age, especially the bachelors, who become obsessed with the idea that they will be drafted before anyone in a deferred class is called. And the youth who has just reached his majority does his bit by insisting that, since the average draft age is twenty-five years, every "guy" in a deferred class should be put into the army ahead of him, in order that he may have his fling before taking the chance of stopping an enemy bullet. I'm for the youth!

This situation is harmful and unnecessary. It can be brought to an immediate end by placing all registrants into two classes: the accepted and the rejected. We would have then in the accepted class at least six million men, each of whom would know positively that he is to be called to the colors, and almost four million men in the rejected class who, together with all men not of draft age, would be relieved of every anxiety concerning the draft. War causes enough misery and anguish without complicating and confusing it with conditions that restrict

or abridge the plans and movements of an individual not now needed in the service, who in any contingency will not be subject to call for at least a few years to come. This reclassification, if not in strict keeping with the letter of the law, is surely in accord with its spirit and is justified by the exigencies of the situation. Draft board members are obsessed by legality, technicality. They become veritable "sea-lawyers" and they have classified only too many men out of danger of immediate summons to service.

In addition to these men in class five, all married men with children, who properly discharge their duties as parents, should be placed in the rejected class. Children need the society and influence of their fathers more than the country needs the services of these registrants at the present time. In this class should also be placed a registrant whose dependents could not provide for themselves life's necessities—not its comforts or luxuries—if he were inducted into the service. War is an arbitrary thing and, while it lasts, dependents must suffer privations, if need be, such as a soldier uncomplainingly endures. In this class should also be such employes in the public service who because of their training and experience cannot readily be replaced without inconvenience to the community. All others should be put into the accepted class and inducted into service, according to their numbers, regardless of any previous classification.

I would induct them according to their order numbers because I feel that class one men, as a whole, were discriminated against. For instance, a married man without children was, according to his financial status, placed either in class two or class four; a single man was invariably placed in class one; yet the single man might have experienced a degree of sorrow in parting from his mother that could only be equaled by the joy that would thrill some men in leaving their wives. Skilled farm and industrial laborers were given deferred classification. Many of them undoubtedly became skilled after the questionnaire was brought into existence; so with the skilled mechanics and managers. All of them could readily be replaced, if employers would but offer a wage proportionate to their present excessive profits rather than one kept down to barely meeting the necessities of their employes. But a skilled bookkeeper, trained clerk or salesman was never entitled to a deferred classification. Why give the policemen deferred classification? Draft them into the service at once. They have a certain amount of training and appreciation of discipline, and broadly speaking can be supplanted by men who are in the exempt class now. Sole managers and proprietors of industrial and agricultural enterprises were also given deferred classification. Those plants will run and every acre of land will be tilled as long as existing prices prevail, even though these registrants be put into training camps.

There are, of course, isolated cases where great injustice might be done by such reclassification and to guard against this the prevailing right of appeal should continue. It might be better, however, to have the Judge Advocate General appoint members of his division to hear all appeals. These men, being strangers to the registrants, wholly disinterested and uninfluenced by any social ties or business affiliations, could invariably render fair and impartial verdicts. Their verdict in each case should be final.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The draft age had to be fixed arbitrarily. It should not be changed until we know positively that every man in the accepted class, as well as youths as they become of age, will be needed in the training camps. I would go beyond the directions of the recent order by Provost Marshal General Crowder, and sweep into the army not only the idlers and those engaged in non-essential occupations, but everybody in the accepted classification. It would clear the way at once for another draft to bring the army up to ten million or fifteen million men. Then, aided by the light of experience, we can make such changes as will reasonably insure "even and considerate justice to all."

The Tale of a Tub

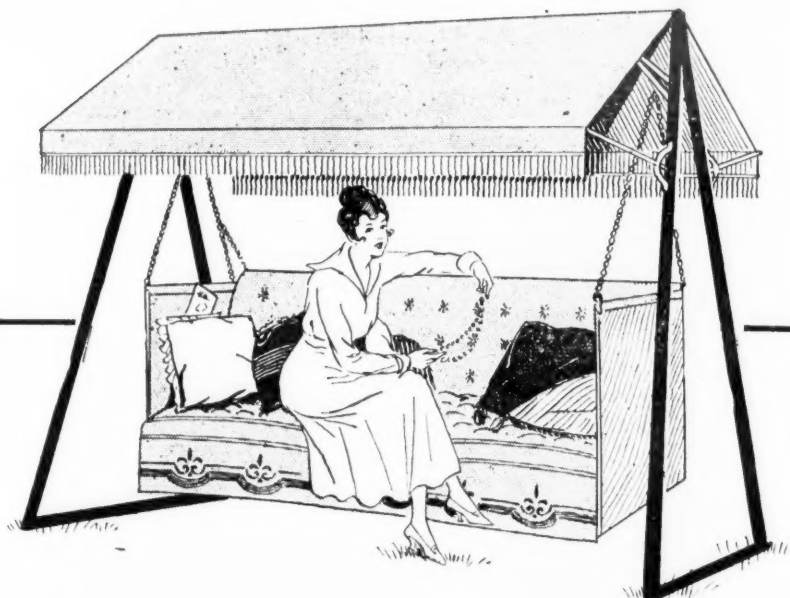
By Louis Albert Lamb

If there were ten thousand "prizes of literature" to be awarded it would be easy to find the justly eligible winners for all of them among the tens of thousands of books, essays, sketches, poems, and diaries that one Solomon or another has adjudged "the best thing done about the war." An unidentified genius, known to French fame as "Y"—one of the famous writers of the *Journal des Debats* of Paris—has been awarded the *Prix de la Vie Heureuse* for one of the really distinguished literary triumphs of the period, being the "Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport," the tub *Pamir*. A tramp in the Atlantic service, at the breaking out of the war, this un-Plimsoll-lined craft with rotten boilers and tortured equipment, was commandeered by the French marine for national service on all the seven and seventeen seas. Never since man developed the first cell of memory has the merchant marine been as indispensable and rosicrucian as since August 2, 1914. And never, if the satire of this "Odyssey" may be believed, has the humble sea-faring man been subjected to such dangers, far and away worse than any ever contrived by Neptune and the north wind—the deadly perils of official carelessness and bureaucratic incompetency. Briefly, the book is epistolary in form, the letters of the mate of the tramp to his old comrade of the navy, and is in every way worth while—pictorially, imagistically, symbolically, literarily, and in that much more difficult adverbiation—humanistically. It is free from the *panache* of heroism. It has no smell of trench mud. It has none of the oriflamme of glory. But it is the splendid Odyssey of unseen, unknown, unrewarded, unhonored, unsung action, facing all dangers, on all seas, in all perils of board and overboard, under the divine aegis of Duty and Service. The inkwell filled with liquid gold is for the aviation; the inkwell of this author is of bilgewater. The air pilot may, indeed, die in the terror that stalketh the skies at noonday, but his flaming tank of "essence" insures him an apotheosis that out-Elijahs Elijah. The pilot of the *Pamir* has only this to look forward to—death in the saline horror that floors the slimy caves of ocean: no "Marseillaise" on the lip of the blatant bugle; no lieutenant with silver galons on his kepi crying, "Forward, my boys! Die with me for France and immortality;" no Red Cross shelter in the offing, with the Virgin Marys of mercy to wipe away the death foam from the lips! Ah, there's where Duty asserts its transcendency of beauty, more than "in the imminent, the deadly breach," with a probability of citation to brigade orders next week and a piece of glorious hardware to dangle on a parti-colored ribbon "made in Lyons."

For brevity's sake, please imagine such a tub cruising from New Orleans with cotton that heats in hold, to Morocco, to the Orient, to Spitzbergen and Port Said—her rotten bottom trimmed by turns for cotton, coal, lumber, picric acid, flesh-pulverizing shrapnel, wheat and embalmed beef in the tins of the good tidings according to St. Chicago. And then proceed to imagine the reactions of

any non-German person in the stoke-hole to the facts of assassination by submarine, by torpedo, by submerged mine—coupled with the virtual certitude that one day or another the bolt will hit the belly of the *Pamir*, and the stoker will go from a hell of fire between boiler and bunker, to a hell of water that cools no parched tongue! Not to mention the able-bodied seamen and the marines and the matelot and the grim old commandant on the bridge, bearded like a pard and full of ingenious oaths, in which God Himself must be well pleased, sobeit genius can merit the "*Bonum est*."

Roland de Mares is a person of parts when it comes to book reviewing and



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you may as well take his word for it, with the indorsement of this present fountain-penarian, that "Y" reveals humanity in a radiance of nobility strange and rare even in an epoch like this, when nobility and glory are in such infinite supply that there is no quotation for them on the tickers of the Bourse. It is a book of gorgeous painting—J. M. W. Turner might have used up all his pre-

served tomatoes and saffron without coming near its effects! It is a book of David-Jonathanian friendship, "the love of man excelling the love of women" as said the Psalmist.

Here's a short sample of the book, as an evidence of good faith. It is easier to read and talk about than to translate, so the extract will be only a teaser: "My Old Copain (comrade in arms):

"Out of Marseilles bound for Salonica, before making Matapan, the *Pamir* was shelled, torpedoed and missed by a boche submarine. We might have gone to the bottom for all *they* (guess who!) had done to protect us from such an end. A case of "I should worry." When a poilu gets his'n, if he has time to think of anything before cashing in, he knows that his copains are going to reach the objective, and that gives him heart and belly to cast off the hawser and warp out to the sea of Eternity. But with us, Old Man, it's different. It's no fault of ours nor of that submarine that I am writing this letter. Some folks get the candy and some folks have luck that sticks. About dawn, "between dog and wolf" as they say, during my watch, we began to get the sugar plums. It was one of those minutes of the 'last judgment' and I was watching the rollers coming 'plouf' against the cut water and scudding abeam covered with suds. All of a sudden a column of foam shot up like an aigrette, on our port about 300 meters, the fuzzy column climbing up as high as our funnel top. 'Zut,' said I to myself, 'we are getting on the shoals. That's the sea breaking.' I shoved the wheel to starboard and looked at the chart. What? No rocks charted there any more than in the whites of my eyes. Then I stood back on my course, tipping it off to Fourgues, the master, that there was something funny about the sea on the sailing. Just as he got to the bridge a bouquet of shells landed twenty metres to starboard.

"No chance at-all-at-all for a scrap: it's a submarine syringing us; and we with our arms crossed, powerless to answer! No chance anyway, because we stood about there for ten minutes without forming the least notion where the rain was coming from, nor what was sending it. The *Pamir* was rolling like crazy thing and rattling like little onions in a pan, in the choppy sea. That's what put the submarine to the bad—his shots fell fore and aft, port and starboard.

"Pretty soon during a lull we saw some puffs of smoke out of the devil's kettle three or four knots off the bow, and then a cloud of spray blanketed Mr. Boche. Then he turned tail, jack-knifed under, and beat it at top speed.

"I couldn't tell you all the 'fifty-seven varieties' of cuss-words Fourgues let loose. I didn't count 'em but he sure did kick and 'pass the buck' all right. 'Y'see, that bugger, there, lining his prunes out at us? And we standing 'round here saying nothing, and acting like blithering eunuchs? But suppose "they" had shipped cannons for us—what would we have got but bean-shooters and straws to suck cocktails?—they wouldn't have carried farther than three or four thousand meters. Lookee, it's at least seven thousand meters he stood away from us. God knows the only reason he missed us was the swell. If it had been fair! Say, you're *talking* when you say it would have all over with us!"

"Well, in the quarter of an hour he was gunning for us he sent about fifty shells, and then the submarine stopped wasting pastilles. But he wasn't done work at that! He came at us under forced draft and all the juice working. . . . We saw two torpedo wakes, one thirty meters ahead and the other passed aft of us. The second one was well

pointed and would have landed square on us for aught we could do. There was nothing to do but stick in our tracks and make the sign of the cross and think of the family. That torpedo must have been fired pretty shallow, seeing that the *Pamir* is not armored; so when it hit a little trough it basculed, and a hollow blade made the torpedo jump up like a carp, one hundred meters from us. That made it pass behind us—Ouf!

"The boche got disgusted after losing an hour's time, two torpedoes and forty shells on a bobbing cork of a tub. He came to the surface about three thousand metres off, but didn't send us any more presents, preferring to pedal off for another bark just coming up from the west—the *Worthminster*, a big British patrol out of Marseilles with us, with munitions. She had lost distance and we hadn't seen her since the night before. . . . We have asked news of the *Worthminster*, but mum's the word. We'll hear (the week that has four Thursdays) whether our comrades of the *Worthminster* are feeding the crabs. You can guess whether Fourgues made the orchestra sing because the *Pamir* hasn't got wireless! To see a comrade standing right into the jaws of death without having the apparatus to signal, "Come about and stand for the west. Submarine waiting to feed you shells and torpedoes."

"Well, finally Fourgues stood on his course, flying signals that he had seen a boche submarine."

And so forth. The book is written in vivid nautico-war French that is a joy to read. Pity some John Masefield sort of person in the lit'ry trade doesn't translate it into Billingsgate-oliveropticsque.

Fooling apart, it is a book of immense charm, verbal power, and all-inclusive sanity. Makes you proud of greasy humans!

It will be of value to war historians in 2018 A. D. for its sidelights on seven million and three mistakes of administration, policy and psychology committed by *all* the belligerent powers during the present Graeco-Roman-Barbarian rassling match.

M. Seguin's Goat

By Alphonse Daudet

Dedicated to Pierre Gringoire, a Paris Poet

You will always be the same, my poor Gringoire! After being offered a position as reporter on a good Paris journal, you have the pluck to refuse it. But just look at yourself, poor boy, with your doublet full of holes, your breeches wearing out and your face thin with hunger! That is what the love of fine rhymes has brought you to—the results of ten years' faithful service among the pages of Lord Apollo.

Be a reporter, you fool! Be a reporter! You will make a fine penny, you will dine every day at Brebant's, and you will be able to present yourself on the days of the first performances with a new feather in your hat.

No? You won't? You want to be free till the end? Well then listen to the story of M. Seguin's goat. You will

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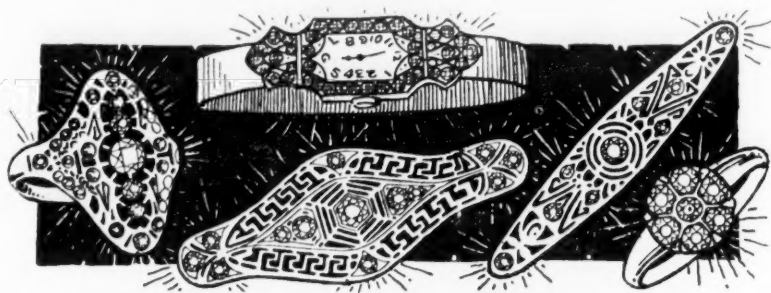
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see what profit there is in wanting to be free.

M. Seguin had never had much luck with his goats. They all got lost the same way—one fine morning they would break their ropes, go off into the mountains and up there the wolf would eat them. Neither the care of their master

nor fear of the wolf would hold them. For they were independent goats wanting, at any price, liberty and plenty of air.

Poor M. Seguin, who never understood the nature of his goats, was desperate. He used to say: "It's no use. Goats get weary here and I shall never be able to keep any." But he was not easily discouraged and after he had lost six goats, he bought the seventh. This time he took care to choose a very young goat, so that she would more easily become used to living in his meadows.

Ah! Gringoire, what a beauty she was, this little goat of M. Seguin! What a beauty, with her pretty eyes, her small beard like that of a *sous-officier*, her black, shining hoofs, her zebra-striped horns and her long white hair. She was almost as charming as *Esmeralda's* kid, you remember, Gringoire. And she was so docile, so caressing, letting people milk her without once putting her foot into the jug.

M. Seguin had behind his house an enclosure surrounded by hawthorns. That is where he put his new boarder. He tied her to a stake, in the best part of the meadow, taking care to give her plenty of rope and coming often to see if she were well. The goat was very happy and browsed the grass so heartily that M. Seguin was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "I have a goat that will be content here."

But M. Seguin was mistaken.

One day she was looking up at the mountain. "One must be happy up there," she thought. "What a treat it must be to jump in the heather without this cursed rope that hurts my neck. It is for donkeys and oxen to graze in an enclosure . . . but we goats must have room."

And from that moment the grass of the enclosure seemed tasteless to her. She grew weary and lean and gave little milk. All day she would pull at her rope turning her head toward the mountain and bleating sadly.

M. Seguin noticed that there was something wrong with his goat, but he did not know exactly what it was. Then one morning as he finished milking, the goat turned round and said in her own goat-language:

"Listen, M. Seguin, I am pining away here. Let me go up into the mountain."

"Ah! Good God! This one, too," cried M. Seguin astounded, and the shock was so great that he dropped the jar. Then sitting in the grass near his goat:

"So, Blanquette, you want to leave me too!"

And Blanquette replied: "Yes, M. Seguin."

"Have you not enough grass here?"

"Oh, no, M. Seguin."

"Perhaps your rope is too short. Shall I loosen it?"

"It is not worth while, M. Seguin."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to climb the mountain, M. Seguin."

"But, poor goat, don't you know there is a wolf up there in the mountain? What will you do when he comes?"

"I will knock him down with my horns, M. Seguin."

"The wolf is not afraid of your horns. He has eaten older goats with much stronger horns than yours. Do you remember poor old Renaude who was here last year? A master-goat she was and wicked as a he-goat. She fought with the wolf all night and then in the morning the wolf ate her."

"I am sorry for poor Renaude, but never mind, M. Seguin, I want to climb the mountain."

"Great Providence," cried M. Seguin, "what are they doing to my goats. But no, I will save you against yourself, you rascal! And for fear that you should break your rope I will shut you in the stables where you will stay from now on."

And then M. Seguin took the goat to a dark stable of which he closed the door carefully. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window, and as soon as he had turned his back the little goat jumped through it and ran away.

You are laughing, Gringoire? Forsooth! Of course you side with the goat, you, against this good M. Seguin. But we shall see if you will laugh in a moment.

When the white goat arrived in the mountain she was received like a little queen. The old pine trees had never seen anything so pretty. The chestnut trees bent low to the earth to caress her with the tips of their branches. The golden broom opened before her and gave as much perfume as it could. All the mountain entertained her.

"You may guess, Gringoire, that our goat was happy! No more rope, no

more stake—nothing to prevent her from romping about and nibbling the grass as she pleased. And the grass—it was up above her horns—delicious, fine, varied, a thousand different sorts of grass. It was quite different from the grass of the enclosure. And flowers! Big blue bells, purple digitals with long chalices, a forest full of wild flowers of intoxicating odors. The goat, half drunk, kicked and rolled in it and tumbled down the slopes pell-mell among the fallen leaves and chestnuts. And then all of a sudden she would jump up and be off head first through the woods and bushes, now onto a peak, now down to the bottom of a hollow road. One would have thought that there were ten of M. Seguin's goats in the mountain.

And she was afraid of nothing, Blanquette. She would jump in one leap great torrents which splashed her all over with spray and foam. And then all dripping she would lie down on some flat rock and let the sun dry her. Once as she came to the edge of an upland with a flower of the "cytise" in her teeth, she saw far below in the meadows the house of M. Seguin with the enclosure behind. It made her laugh to tears.

"How very small," she said, "How could I ever have lived there?"

Poor little goat! Seeing herself so high, she thought herself at least as big as the world.

Anyway it was a fine day for M. Seguin's goat. About noon she came upon a herd of chamois, eating wild-vine with a fine appetite. And the little truant with her white robe created a great sensation. She was offered the best place in the wild-vine and all the gentlemen were very courteous. It even appears—but remember, Gringoire, you must keep this to yourself—that a young chamois with black hair fell in love with Blanquette. The two sweethearts got lost in the woods for an hour or two, and if you want to know what they said to each other, go and ask the chattering brooks which run invisible in the moss.

But of a sudden the wind became cooler; the mountain grew purple; the evening was coming.

"Already," said the little goat, and she stopped surprised.

Far below the fields were drowned in the mist. M. Seguin's enclosure disappeared in the fog, and of the house one could see only the roof and a wisp of smoke. She listened to the bells of a herd on its way home and she felt very lonely. A gerfalcon, going to his nest, brushed her with his wings on his way. She started—and then she heard a long howl in the mountain. She thought of the wolf for the first time that long day. And at the same moment a trumpet sounded far away in the valley. It was M. Seguin making his last attempt to call her back.

Come back! Come back! sounded the trumpet.

But Blanquette had no idea of going back. She remembered the stake, the rope, the hedge of the enclosure, and she felt that she would never get used to that life again and that it was better for her to stay where she was.

The trumpet stopped sounding.

Then the goat heard behind her a noise in the leaves. She turned round

and saw in the dark, two short, straight ears and two shining eyes. . . . It was the wolf.

Enormous and seated on his haunches, he was devouring her with his eyes in anticipation. As he knew that he would eat her he was in no hurry. Only when she turned round he laughed wickedly.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! M. Séguin's little goat." And he passed his red tongue over his dripping lips.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. For one moment, as there flashed into her mind the story of Renaude who had fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she thought that perhaps it would be better to let him eat her at once. Only for an instant and then she lowered her head with her horns well forward, like the brave little goat that she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf—goats don't kill wolves—but only to see if she could fight as long as Renaude.

Then the monster started toward her and the little horns danced.

Ah, that brave goat! With what a heart she fought. More than ten times, without stretching it, Gringoire, she obliged the wolf to fall back to take breath. During these brief truces, she would hastily pick up a blade of the grass which she enjoyed so much and then come back fighting with her mouth full. This lasted all night. From time to time she would look at the stars twinkling in the sky and would say, "Oh! if I could only hold out until dawn."

One by one the stars went out.

Blanquette increased her efforts and the wolf pressed the attack. A pale light appeared on the horizon. The crowing of a cock was heard from a farm.

"At last," said the poor animal, who had only waited for the dawn to die, and she lay down in her fine white fur all stained with blood. The wolf jumped on her and ate her.

Good-bye, Gringoire! The story I have told you is not an idle tale invented by me. If you ever come to Provence our farmers will often talk to you about the "cabro de moussu Seguin, que set battegué touto la neuvième lou loup, e pici lou matin lou loup la mangé" (M. Seguin's goat who fought all night and in the morning was eaten by the wolf).

Do you understand, Gringoire?

"E pici lou matin lou loup la mangé."

—From *Lettres de Mon Moulin*.

Coming Shows

The famous Yama Yama Girl of a few years ago, Bessie McCoy (Mrs. Richard Harding Davis), has returned to the stage and will appear at the Orpheum next week; in dance and song she will depict four war periods of American history. Other numbers will be Harry and Emma Sharrock, recently featured in "Over the Top," in a skit called "Behind the Grand Stand;" Vinita Gould in impersonations of well known players; J. C. Nugent in an oddity, "The Squarer;" Lew Reed and the Misses Wright in excerpts from musical comedies; Gilbert and Georgia, aerial artists; Sealo, the trained seal, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

Will Hough's newest tabloid novelty, "The Tick Tock Girl," will be produced at the Grand Opera House next week by an excellent company of over twenty people, including Jack and Bud Pearson,

eccentric dancers and Lottie Merritt, instrumentalist. This will be followed by Chase and LaTour with tip-top topical songs; the Ioleon sisters in a tight wire and sharpshooting act; Lew Huff, "the nutty badder;" Marie King Scott, a country girl; the Universal Weekly and comedy pictures.

The principal feature of the Columbia bill next week will be "Miss America," a military musical satire presented by a large cast headed by Jean Waters and Macklyn Magley. Other numbers will be a comedy sketch of "The Morning After;" Cummin and Seaman in an original offering; B. Kelly Forest as "The President of the Hoboes' Union;" Marston and Manley in an

amusing skit; Conway and Day in comedy singing and talking; Jane Kane, comedienne; and Universal Current Events.

One-fourth reduction on all our models in tailored suits, dresses, gowns, capes and top coats, including Stein & Blaine, Bergdorf-Goodman and Maison Violette models. We make a specialty in hand-made blouses. Schumack, Inc., 857 Century Bldg.

"That young politician is paying you marked attention, girlie." "Um, yes. An-

other problem added to our girlish troubles." "Eh, what?" "Is he after me or my vote?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Bacon—Did you make these biscuits, wife?

Mrs. Bacon—I did.

Mr. Bacon—They're smaller than usual, aren't they?

Mrs. Bacon—They are. That's so you'll have less to find fault with.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Boys' "Academy" Suits

The Aristocrats of Boys' Clothes
With Two Pairs Knickers



New Summer models just arrived in the new colors in both plain and fancy weaves, built of Summer flannels, homespuns and tweeds, in light grays, tans, blues and green mixtures. Fashioned in the new yoke and panel back effects. Conservative and trench styles. Sizes 8 to 18.

Special Values at **\$14.50**

Boys' Norfolk Suits

Excess Values at **\$6.75**

Exceptional values—represented are the season's newest styles, fancy mixtures and plaids, in light, medium and dark patterns. Some with 2 pairs of knickers. Sizes 6 to 18.

"Academy" Suits

With Two Pairs of Knickers

Splendid Values at **\$10.50**

Novelty mixtures of tweeds and homespuns, light and medium gray and green—trench models—belt all-around style. Both pairs of knickers full lined—sizes 9 to 19.

Our Enlarged Juvenile Clothes Section

Is very active these days, being headquarters for boys' Wash Suits and Summer apparel. Where St. Louis' Best Values Are Offered.

The Military Styles

Regulation O. D. Khaki and Plain White Aviation Suits—Tommy Atkins and Military Suits and Sam Brown Outfits with the new Sam Brown belts. Sizes 2½ to 10. Priced at

\$3.95, \$5.95 and \$8.50

New Middy Styles

Kiddie cloth, linenes and Palmer's linen—short and long pants styles—some have two pairs of knickers—one of each. Dark indigo blue, cadet, white and green. Sizes 2½ to 10. Priced at

\$2.95, \$3.95 and \$4.95

Summer Specialties

Boys' Rompers, 55c and 88c.
Genuine Koveralls, \$1.00.
Gray Crash Wash Knickers, 89c and \$1.25
White Drill Wash Knickers, 95c.
Khaki Knickers, 95c and \$1.50.
Sam Brown Leather Belts, \$1.15 and \$1.75
Leather Puttees, \$1.95 and \$2.95.
Boys' Lace Bottom Military Breeches, 11 to 18, \$1.75

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Marts and Money

On the New York stock exchange they are once more in a state of doubt and depression. They complain of hard luck and scandalous trickery. The tumult and the shouting have subsided around posts where large fortunes were made and unmade in the last two weeks. Sanguine phrases about a long season of sensational inflation have died down the wind. There's timorous conjecturing about the government's programs of industrial regulation and supplementary taxation for war purposes. Much cogitation is bestowed upon the dismissal of railroad presidents, deep cuts in salaries, and various other things fearful and harrowing to the minds of representatives of the "vested interests" and the cornered old guard. Alackaday! Who would have thought such happenings possible in July, 1914? They remind of the word of Krishna: "The words 'I' and 'Mine' constitute the primal error." Instead of pompous railroad presidents there will be mere federal directors with paltry salaries of \$15,000 or so. Vanished are the days of \$50,000 to \$100,000 per. Everything must henceforth be done in the open and on the square. Tough days for the princes of privilege. Leading industrial presidents are offered important federal jobs at nominal salaries, or should I rather say they are commandeered? Perhaps so. Everybody and everything is *res publica* nowadays. It is earnest rumination along these lines that has caused another change to come over the spirit of Wall street dreams and given rise to the suspicion that the end of the time of caution and conservatism still is some distance off. On the floor of the exchange Steel common still is the dominating feature. The ups and downs in its valuation are followed with intense interest. At this moment the price is 106¼. The top notch of the previous week was 113¾. Chairman E. H. Gary is said to be "optimistic" respecting the future of the steel business. He has to be, probably. The government's negotiations with the steel companies are fraught with extraordinary possibilities. They presage a fast and a shrewd bargain, if not immediately, then a few months hence. Pending results, exchange traders are not inclined to engage in large ventures on either side of the market. They fully realize that all opinions are constantly subject to change in prevailing circumstances. Baldwin Locomotive, which has set the exchange on a roar on numerous occasions since 1915, is rated at 90, against a maximum of 101½ some days since. Considering that the company's board of directors has again refused to declare a dividend, a further decline in the quotation appears inevitable. Substantial breaks have occurred also in the prices of numerous other steel and equipment issues. Bethlehem Steel B has depreciated about \$10, Republic Steel \$9, Crucible Steel \$8, and American Locomotive \$6. A few days ago, when the weakness in prices became pronounced, an effort was made to stabilize things by a bold side-show in Colorado Fuel & Iron common, the quotation for which was hoisted from 47 to 54½. The *mise-en-scene* was extremely crude and repulsively obvious to every trained onlooker. At present the quotation is back to 50. The flurry

was, of course, attended by seductive rumors about a "big deal," involving the transfer of an important amount of stock to financial interests in New York. Propagation of stuff like this must be regarded as an unpardonable affront to intelligence, though it make the vulgar laugh and put the headline writers on their mettle. According to the number of thy stocks are thy snares, oh Wall street. The shares of leading copper companies were heavily pressed for sale on the announcement that the federal board had again fixed the price of the metal at 23½ cents. Speculators had looked for 25 cents at least. The producers themselves had asked for 30 cents. The board graciously invited the companies to present their demand again after seventy-five days. Very annoying news, indeed. Deferred hopes make the heart sick, even though they may give Wall street jugglers another chance to ply their noble vocation. Anaconda, which was up to 70¼ lately, can again be bought at 64¼, a figure indicating a net return of 12¼ per cent, the annual dividend being \$8. Utah Copper, a 10 per cent stock, shows a decline of \$5. The quotation for American Smelting & Refining common has receded from 84 to 76. It reflects silent and representative liquidation, apparently. The relapse followed hard upon publication of the company's annual report, which referred in somewhat caustic terms to the regulative activities of Washington. However, leaving this aside, it should be borne in mind that even at 76 the stock nets purchasers less than 8 per cent, the annual dividend being only \$6. It is barely possible that part of the latest liquidation may have been for British and French account, much of the stock having in pre-war times been distributed among investors in those two countries. One of the most fashionable chips of the gamblers is American Sumatra Tobacco common. It's a dull day that does not see a rise of \$5 to \$10 in the price of this stock, which represents a corporation that, despite its somewhat exotic name, is altogether American. The dividend rate is \$8 per annum, but it could be made materially higher, of course, estimates of earnings bordering on the fabulous. The tall doings of the gang in control of Sumatra strongly remind of the insolent performances in Tennessee Coal & Iron between 1895 and 1907. It is a puzzle to me that the exchange authorities permit of such disgusting antics at a fateful international conjuncture. As to Mercantile Marine preferred—well, they had the quotation up to 105½ the other day, a new maximum since January 1. The sedulous buying assumed notable proportions on new mysterious hints from the directorial sanctum that the London government had avowed willingness to purchase the company's British vessels. It was a moment tense with avaricious anticipations. Then came the report that the negotiations had been declared off, and the price of the preferred stock fell back to 99. A week or two hence the deal may be on again, *à la* Finnegan, if in the meanwhile the market has acted in conformity with the desires of insiders. There's real distress in financial circles over Mr. McAdoo's pitiless request that congress enact additional war-tax legislation. It had been assumed that such a proposal would not

eventuate before December. With remarkable thoughtfulness, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank of New York, has prepared a paper on this very subject for Princeton University, in which he dwells rather elaborately upon the dangers inherent in further taxative legislation that might lessen the financial resources of the people. Says he, in part: "The congressional idea and the popular idea that this is a country of unlimited wealth, that we can finance other nations without stint, and spend billions by the score annually, and obtain these vast sums, at will, by taxation and borrowing is a mischievous idea. People can buy bonds and pay taxes only out of their savings, the money they have left after paying their current expenses, including the cost of living. There is a limit to what congress can do with safety and propriety, and the best service we can render is to help find that limit, that the government may not overstep the same and thereby invite disaster, the disaster of currency inflation and a paper basis. The government can raise money without limit by resorting to the printing press. They can make federal reserve bank notes legal tender, borrow from the federal reserve bank, and take pay in such legal tender notes. That is practically what some countries in Europe have done. That would put us on a paper basis, produce inflation of currency, depreciation of values, and all the train of concomitant evils. The great danger that confronts us is that we may fall into the same financial welter that obtains in some European countries, that we will lose the proud pre-eminence of being squarely on a gold basis, with the prestige that it will give us after the war, and the impetus that it will give to our international trade after peace has returned. Dollar exchange, with the dollar on a paper basis, will make little headway in displacing the pound sterling." Mr. Hepburn, who was for years prominently identified with the financial department of the government, uses strikingly audacious words, so much so that one can easily infer that he fully feels what he says. But what's the use? The money has to be raised; the fight has to be fought; the victory has to be won. Italian exchange has set a new minimum—9.10 lire to the dollar, against a normal 5.19 lire to the dollar. Other rates are practically unchanged. New York's money market continues firm at previous rates of $5\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent for time funds. The call rate ranges from 5 to 6 per cent most of the time. The reserves of the clearing-house institutions again disclose material depletion, the present total being a little less than \$42,000,000.

Finance in St. Louis

Latest operations on the Fourth street exchange led to no important results in any prominent quarter. The issues of the United Railways and National Candy Companies were the most actively traded in. Of the former company's preferred stock nearly two hundred and fifty shares were transferred at 18 to 19.50. Fifteen of the common brought 4. The recent low records were 17.50 and 3.50. Numerous lots of National Candy common aggregating over three hundred shares, changed hands at 41.87½ to

42.75. The first and second preferred shares received perfunctory mention. Some St. Louis Brewing Association 6s brought 67 to 68. These figures denote gains of several points, the minimum of some weeks ago having been 62. Five Missouri Portland Cement were sold at 72, seventy Consolidated Coal at 84 to 84.50, thirty Central Coal & Coke common at 63, and fifteen Chicago Railway Equipment at 102. In the banking group markings occurred in Mercantile Trust and Bank of Commerce. Of the first-mentioned stock ten shares were transferred at 347, of the last-mentioned seventy shares at 114, and thirty-eight shares at 13. Local loan rates continue firm at $5\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent, and the large demand for funds plainly indicates that commercial and industrial conditions in St. Louis and surrounding territory are unusually gratifying, as regards not only turn-overs, but also net profits.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked
Boatmen's Bank	106	
Mechanics-Am. National ..	245	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	112¾	113
State Nat. Bank.....	190	
United Railways pfd.....	19	19¼
do 4s	51½	51¾
Union Depot 6s.....	98¾	
Alton, Grt. & St. L. com.....	70	
Kinloch Tel. 6s.....	100	
Certain-teed com.	40	
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	40	
Mo. Portland Cement.....	72	
Ely & Walker com.....	109	
do 2d pfd.....	83½	
Brown Shoe com.....	63	
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	1	
do pfd.....	11¼	
Hamilton Brown	131	
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s.....	65	
Nat. Candy com.....	42	42½
do 2d pfd.....	89	
Rocky Mt. com.....	38	

Answers to Inquiries

W. K. H., Centerville, Ia.—Crucible Steel preferred, quoted at 90, is not a first-class investment stock. While all dividends in arrears have been paid, conservative people remain doubtful as to the company's business after the war. The stock's quotation is not likely to rise extensively in the next few months, though the top in 1916 was 124½. In especially favorable market conditions there might be a recovery to 98 or even 100. The demand for new war taxation sharply militates against efforts to start another violent bull campaign in industries. If your chief aim is to invest and to play safe, you should select a stock with a clean dividend record for many years.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—Considering the safety of the 7 per cent dividend and the reasonableness of the quoted price of 94½, you would be well justified in sticking to your American Woolen preferred certificate. Last year's low point was 87, the high point 100. The dividend has been paid regularly since 1900. Adverse changes in the wool business would not be severe enough to impair company's ability to continue payments.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—(1) Studebaker common is quoted at 40½, against 33¾ on April 24, and 56½ on February 19. Under prevailing conditions, it is not a particularly tempting speculation, though it is well within the possibilities that at some time or other the folks in charge may force an advance of fifteen

Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

Would it interest you to read a short digest of non-technical language of the Missouri Inheritance Law? If so, write us for a copy, "Why a Will?"

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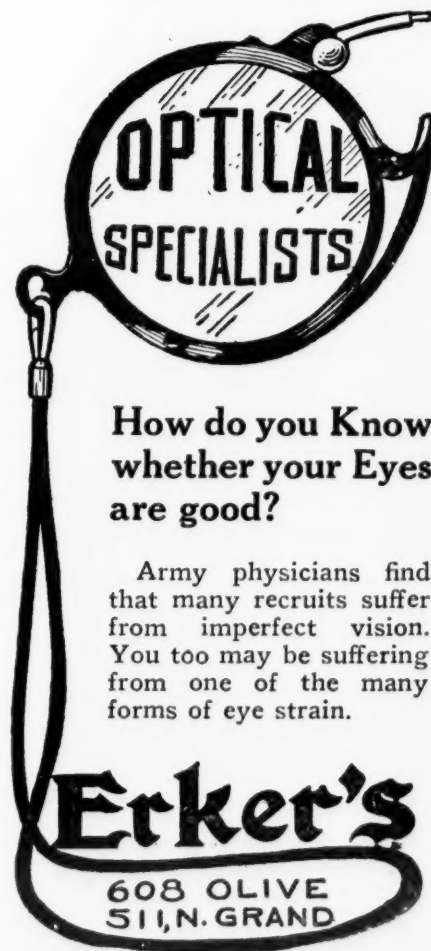
BOND DEPT.

or twenty points. Whether the end of the war would bring a gain in the company's sales is open to question; very much so, I think. The Napoleonic wars of 1798-1815 were followed by eight years of great depression in all European nations. Washington is determined to restrict the output of pleasure cars to the utmost. If the motor companies are favored with regular war contracts, they will have to reckon with rigorous price regulation. Your belief that Studebaker is "sold out" seems upheld by recent market performances. (2) Union Pacific common is quoted at 121½, implying a net yield of about $8\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This is not a discreditable rate. While it exceeds that on Atchison common and Pennsylvania at current prices, it compares fairly well with those on Lehigh Valley and Northern Pacific. Regarding Canadian Pacific, we must remember that its price has fallen from 220½ to 126 since 1914, while that of U. P. has fallen from 164¾ to 100¼.

FOSTER, Kansas City, Mo.—You had better hold your American Zinc, L. & Smelting common a while longer. It is not improbable that by and by the price may get above 25 again. In recent months the stock has not been popular. Speculators are not forgetful of the crash from 97¾ in 1916 to 10½ in 1917. The bad feeling should wear off, however, in the course of a year or so. A jump of fifteen points would work wonders.

M. D., Covington, Ind.—Tobacco Products common still is essentially speculative. The 6 per cent dividend is earned, but the margin of safety is not as wide as it should be. The company's business is growing at a nice clip, however, and the market position of the common stock may be expected to show gradual improvement therefore. Since December 13 last the price has advanced from 42½ to 62¼. The high mark in 1917 was 80¾. Payments on common initiated last November.

F. F. McG., Salem, Ore.—Montana Power preferred is one of the best stocks of its class. Holders have drawn their 7 per cent since incorporation. The



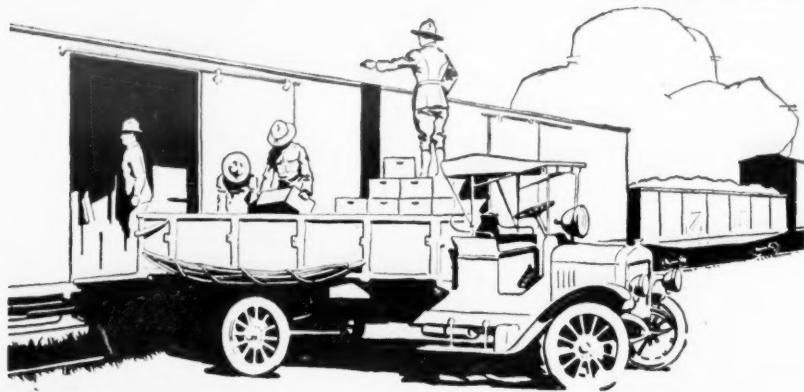
How do you Know whether your Eyes are good?

Army physicians find that many recruits suffer from imperfect vision. You too may be suffering from one of the many forms of eye strain.

quoted price of 97¾ does not look unwarranted, but it would undoubtedly be reduced several points in another sustained bear campaign. Company owns extensive and extremely valuable properties, directly or indirectly, including franchises. Cut in common dividend is pretty well discounted.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could learn to love me?" "Possibly," she answered, "but if I were a man I'd hate to think I was an acquired taste."—*Boston Transcript*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



For Table and Training Table

Experts may differ on questions of conditioning, but the drink all physical-fitness enthusiasts have accepted is

Bevo
THE BEVERAGE

Witness its popularity in cantonments and on men-o'-war.

An appetizing beverage with true hops flavor. Milk or water may or may not contain bacteria—Bevo cannot.

The all-year-'round soft drink to train on and gain on.

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Week of May 26th

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"The Big Place on the Hill"

THE STERLINGS
Presenting a "Sterling" Offering
Novelty Skating and Roller Dancing

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"The Singing Parson"

In selections from the following songs:

1. Somewhere a Voice is Calling.
2. Absent.
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Seats on sale at Kieselhorst Piano Co. Admission Free up to 6 P. M. Except Sundays.

4. I Hear You Calling Me.
5. When Irish Eyes are Smiling.
6. Ireland is Ireland to Me.

Dainty Misses
IRENE & BOBBIE SMITH
Presenting Songs Worth While.

JOS. MESHANE & ARRIA HATHAWAY
In Smart Songs and Dances.
LOS RODRIQUES
PERCHISTAS

BASEBALL SPORTSMAN'S PARK

Browns vs. Philadelphia

June 1, 2, 3, 4
GAME STARTS AT 3:30

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9th at St. Charles.

2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15

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MONTGOMERY & PERRY

MARION HARRIS
FORD SISTERS
MORAN & MACK
BEAUTY
WITT & WINTER
MORTON & GLASS

Mats., 15 to 50c. Evs., 15 to 75c.

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ON MARKET STREET
Between Broadway and Sixth

The Theatre of Liberal Policy
TEN STANDARD ACTS OF THE
BIGGEST AND BEST
ADVANCE VAUDEVILLE
Ever Offered at Popular Prices

Box Seats 30c; Lower Floor 25c;
All Other Seats 15c.

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15c-25c
Continuous Vaudeville, 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.

9—HIGH-CLASS ACTS—9
OH, GIRLIE
AN EXCELLENT MUSICAL COMEDY
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FOR ALL PAIN—
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